

OKLAHOMA CITY TIMES

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THE FLAG OF OUR BOYS.



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 JULY CIRCULATION

OFF FOR BERLIN.

THIS city, like every other city, town and hamlet in the country, is sending men to war. For a year they have been going, and more will go, until the needed strength is exerted to whip the Hun. Over three hundred left yesterday, left cheering and cheerfully and cheerily, by their friends and relatives left behind. In their going so gallantly and in the courageous spirit of those who watch them go, there is that which bores ill for Prussian autocracy. The morale of America, as gauged by demonstrations here, is gaining in strength instead of slipping.

Observers who have watched the departing drafts from the start have noticed that, as time passed, there has been an increase of enthusiasm and a lessening of gloom, which might not should mark the mobilization of our men. At first, there was truth in the statement that America wasn't awake to the reality and magnitude of this war. That was but natural to a nation which drifted so slowly, and which is so far removed from the battle line. But the awakening has come, and with it, an understanding of the other righteousness of our cause and a determination to carry it through to victory.

Time was when a compromise peace looked good to Americans; when in each Prussian peace drive was seen a hope that the war would end early before American troops were largely in the fray. For most of us that time has passed. Within recent weeks we have heard soldiers and civilians alike express the fear that peace might be negotiated before Germany is properly punished and humbled before the world. The fact that such a misgiving exists is in itself assurance that no such peace by compromise will be negotiated, and further assurance is in the growing strength of our armies. Russia, a failure in so many ways, has at least succeeded in teaching the allied countries the folly of any peace with an unbeaten Germany.

And it is to beat Germany that those young men went away yesterday, and that similar groups are going from every American community. They are on the way to Berlin and those who have seen them go in the fulness of their strength and patriotism, do not doubt their ultimate arrival. For weeks the British, French and American troops have been gaining steadily. Slow gains they are, to be sure, but significant of what General Foch can accomplish as his armies grow stronger. They have done much, those French and British, and will do much more, but it is to America they are looking to the added forces needed to make the allied assault overwhelming to the Huns. Part of that added strength started yesterday, and more will be going next month. There is the new manpower measure to show the will to carry out the president's

declaration for force without stint. There can be no peace save the peace of victory.

It is well, therefore, that the men who go go willingly, and that those who stay and those who go both hide so well the pangs of parting. Morale is no less a factor in war than munitions, and morale is a power in the making or unmaking of which all have a part. That this city is doing its proper part in that way, none can doubt who watch our young men go to war.

It is also expected that an increasing number of men will admit they are as much as forty-six years old.

It seems that General Korniloff may yet be killed as often as the czar was.

Killing the kaiser wouldn't end the war, but it would be a highly entertaining and instructive performance.

The defeat of Cole Blaise should also give the cheering party a chance to put in a little overtime.

Secretary McAdoo recommends an increase of pay for track laborers and certain classes of railroad clerks, which ought to strengthen friendly relations between this country and Mexico.

Living is cheaper in Philadelphia than in any other large city in the country, which will cause some New Yorkers to rise up and say it ought to be.

The kaiser can at least experience the unusual sensation of telling the truth now when he tells his subjects that Germany is fighting a defensive war.

The defeat of Jeannette Rankin's senatorial aspirations is another defeat we bear with great equanimity. The tremulous stupor has its useful purposes, no doubt, but congress can function reasonably well without it.

"Honorable men," says the Saturday Evening Post "are not trying to induce people to dispose of their Liberty bonds." That puts it briefly, so you will know how to catalogue those who do make such an effort.

Southern boys, according to the Houston Post, are not objecting to being called Yanks, which is just as well, since it seems the nickname which is likely to stick for American soldiers over there.

We are in accord with the patriots of Okene, Okla., who are out to suppress the German language in this state, but we refuse to become greatly excited over it, having heard nothing in that line for several months. A fairly successful job of suppression seems to have been done.

The labor problem is to some extent a transportation problem. This state, for instance, shows a labor surplus, but the war industries, at latest reports, showed a shortage of nearly a million unskilled workers. The government has done a great deal in distributing the labor supply, but is handicapped somewhat by lack of cars.

It is hoped farmers in the drought district will heed the advice of Governor Williams and his committee, and take advantage of the government's seed wheat fund as one means of assistance in their difficulty. Objections to the methods of distribution should not cause a farmer to deny himself such benefits as may be derived from the loan. Something more than the farmer's individual interests are involved in this effort to reclaim the regions which have been so arid this season. There is the matter of food production, which has become a high form of patriotic service, and which should not be deterred by pride or quibbling.

Don't Worry

THE SHRUNKEN SPORT PAGE.

You may recall that distant age, that peaceful era of the past, when on the far-flung sporting page was news which thrilled and held us fast.

When wide literary gent's spilled screws a column long or more. To chronicle such great events As baseball game or golfing score.

Then Turpin Cobb loomed larger than The income tax or schedule K. And Willard seemed a greater man Than any statesman of his day.

Chuck Evans rose to high estate, A wonder of the golfing game. And Coffey was listed with the great Within the sporting hall of fame.

The box score seemed a vital theme For trenchant essays and hard. To show how swift the pace and hard; The tennis match played in eclipse.

And even the six-day cycle race Engrossed the sporting writer's pen. As down a long and rugged space He praised these doughty iron men.

Those days are done and long gone by. And much is the sporting show, too, visible to naked eye.

Which loomed so large a while ago, Or care what happens the sporting crew. The kaiser Bill and all his clan Get what so justly seems their due.

This socialist leader, H. M. Sinclair, who is steering for a seat on the state election board, probably has wasted his substance on the poorest investment.

History teaches us that selection of any kind of human endeavor, but there are people whose history teaches nothing at all. According to Mr. Sinclair he has spent all his funds collecting evidence.

and is now compelled to labor to support his family. That, we should say, is about the saddest fate that could overtake a socialist leader.

Being jealous is the only method some women employ to demonstrate their love and affection.

This moment's prayer for victory is all right, and none too long, which is more than can be said for some prayers. Indeed, some prayers seem to be based on the same theory a statesman uses in requesting an appropriation.

which is to ask for a great deal more than is needed or expected.

At Tulsa the price of milk has been advanced to eighteen cents a quart. If that sort of thing keeps on, we shall begin referring to the beef steer's sister as the Hon. Cow.

IT MAKES SOME DIFFERENCE. (From the Frederick Leader.) Since men from 21 to 45 will be required to register for the army, and men from 46 to 55 can get in special service in the army, we don't hear so much of the old stuff. If I were only young enough, I surely would like to get in the army.

It having been announced that Oklahoma has a surplus of labor, don't be surprised if the wife who once promised to obey you, refuses to mow the lawn.

Sidelights on War Moves

By Frank H. Simonds.

Copyright, 1918, by The New York Tribune. NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—Ludendorff's retirement in consequence of his defeat of August 8, has reached its last phase. Having hung on the old line—1916—as long as possible to permit the withdrawal of guns, munitions and material and the complete renovation of the Hindenburg line, he is now executing a "hell for leather" flight to the place of safety.

We had exactly the same thing in the case of the second battle of the Marne, when, following stubborn rear guard actions on the heights above the Ourcq for nearly a week, the Germans suddenly made a dash backward for the line of the Vesle and the Sunday papers of August 4 recited the list of villages recaptured, just as the newspapers are now giving a new list of the recaptured towns.

Byng's Advance Important. In the case of the Marne retreat the question was whether the Germans would decide to stand at the Vesle or the Aisne. Today the question is whether he will halt at the line Benicourt-Peronne-Noyon, which is the line of the Tortille and Somme rivers and the Noyon canal, or whether he will go straight back to the Hindenburg line.

In any event, he is going back to his next resting place. But while the spectacular advances of the British and French from Bapaume southward are attracting the attention of the public who follow the war by the headlines, it is actually true that the comparatively insignificant advance of Byng to the north along the Scarpe is of far greater importance.

Thus, the capture of Monchy-le-Preux, the Bois d'Arcs and Vivien-Artois supplemented by further captures yesterday, carries a real threat to Cambrai and Douai, while the fall of Bapaume, Chaubert and Roye are merely consequences of an earlier defeat which will be liquidated when the Hindenburg line is reached. In a word, they are all ready discounted, while the new push has at present a minute meaning.

Monchy-le-Preux, in April, 1917, but he could not shake the Germans out of their hole on the park at the east side of the town and as a consequence it has far less value to him than it would otherwise have had as an observation point. His offensive after the early April days, pushed only as help Nivelle's larger operation on the Aisne, was stopped exactly where the British are now making progress. From Lens right down to the Senese river at Cherisy, the British are now at or behind the line of 1917 and where they are beyond they are on high ground of great value.

Barrier Is Seen. Now it is plain that further advances will bring Byng's army squarely up to the last circumstance of that Wotan line so much talked of in 1917, the Drocourt-Queant switch, running down the never broken section of the German line behind Lens, to the main Hindenburg line east of Croisilles. This is the ultimate barrier to the British advance to Douai and Cambrai and its keys of all the region now occupied by the Germans in northern France.

If the British can reach either, then the Germans must make a tremendous retirement both north and south. They will, indeed, have to go back to the Belgian frontier and deliverance of France will be substantially accomplished.

We do not know whether the German will be able, at the close of his present retreat, to hold the British and French where he plans to hold them. That is the great test of the future and of the immediate future. But it is quite clear that the test will be somewhere north of Bapaume and on that portion of the front astride the Scarpe and northward of that little stream.

The reason is simply south of Bapaume or more exactly east of Croisilles, the old Hindenburg line makes a great bend eastward and in front of it is a thirty-mile waste, created at the time of the great retreat of 1917. Now it is going to be a long and difficult task for our allies to create roads and railways from their old line to the new front when the Germans halt. Unless Ludendorff's forces are utterly demoralized and unable to make a stand, a thing very unlikely, the allies will have to make a long pause when they reach the Hindenburg line and they may be temporarily held up on their way to it behind the Somme, the Tortille and the Noyon or St. Croix canal.

Byng Has Advantage. But north of Croisilles the old and new British fronts are not three miles apart. Therefore, Byng can begin his assault upon the Wotan line almost from "scratch," as they say on the athletic field.

And he has all the advantage of the position as well as of proximity. I remember to have seen in Sir Donald's headquarters in France a year ago a real model of this region in clay. The effect was striking, for it showed that from Vimy ridge, Aras and the high ground to the south, now all in British hands, the ground falls away to the eastward like a toboggan slide. Everywhere the slope is downward from west to east and at the time the Germans were clinging to the very edge of the high ground from Vimy southward. They have since been pushed over the slope and down it.

Huns on Flat Ground. In losing Monchy, Greenland hill and the high ground beyond the Senese, they have been put right down on the flat and can be observed and pounded from above. Moreover there is little high ground for them to occupy for many miles to the westward, for the plain of Flanders is broad and without many elevations. This means without delay Byng can, if he chooses, push his attack right on against the last German lines covering Cambrai and Douai, with all their vital network of roads and railways.

If these lines go, then all of the Hindenburg line to the south becomes worthless. It will be turned and the Germans will have to retire on a front all the way from Verdun to Lille. In addition, the armies of Horne and of Plumer to the north are now to be heard from. Byng has brought his army back into line with Horne all the way from the outskirts of Lens southward. Horne now can move and any attack by Horne would be directed at the front of the Germans from his own front, because there has been no change in this sector. There is, therefore no problem of communications. Moreover, if Horne can advance half a dozen miles, then the threat to Cambrai and Douai on the south and to Lille on the north will be instant.

Old Stories in New Type

from the Times Files

Twenty Years Ago. Miss Maude and Miss Edith Portmouth arrived in the city yesterday to visit Dr. and Mrs. Harry Walker.

George Dodson, grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias, arrived from Guthrie yesterday for a short visit.

D. W. Marquart, the returned Klondiker, was in the city yesterday with the Cleveland county delegation which will attend the convention at El Reno.

Fifteen Years Ago. Hon. C. B. Ames returned yesterday from Seattle where he attended the annual Trans-Mississippi congress.

Captain Heer inspected Company M, Oklahoma national guards last evening. Company M will do active duty Monday and Tuesday evenings.

Miss Vina Hardy arrived yesterday from El Reno to be the guest of Mr. R. L. Sackett.

Ten Years Ago. Doctor and Mrs. Stewart, who have been the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tucker W. Williamson of 425 West Thirtieth street, left yesterday for Rome where Mr. Stewart takes up his missionary duties.

Marked by a silver band about its leg bearing the inscription S. A. No. 4650, a carrier pigeon, evidently weary of long flight, alighted near the residence of J. L. Brown yesterday noon. The bird was so tired that it could scarcely move a wing and Mr. Brown captured it without trouble. He will hold it today or so, hoping to find from where it came.

R. F. L. Hitt of 501 East Eleventh street left last evening for Kansas City where Mrs. Hitt and their son, Le have been visiting several weeks.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walf Mason

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IT MEANS YOU.

YOU read the rulings handed down by this and that official board, you read, with something like a faint, the reprinting to those who read. You say, "Giddy-biddy! Giddy-biddy! They're always springing something new." But this you seem to overlook—the reprinting addressed to you. You read the poster on the wall that tells how corn is in demand, if we would see the kaiser fall so hard he'll jar his native land. You sigh, "It takes some cash, in sooth, to put this mighty struggle through," and seem to overlook the truth—the poster is addressed to you. The other fellow does his best, restrictions can't his ardor cool; he buys his bonds and stamps with zest, and cheerfully obeys each rule. He profits in the public prints, which tell of stunts we ought to do, but you forget that such hints were written out, my friend for you. The other fellow and his wife are ready to surrender all, their prize possessions, even life, they'll give it all to the country's call. And will you let the other fellow give many things, which you give few? Wake up! The country's call is meant for you—yourself for you—for YOU!

History Bits

One Hundred Years Ago Today. 1818—Alexander H. Rice, representative in congress and governor of Massachusetts, born at Newton Lower Falls, Mass. Died at Melrose, Mass. July 22, 1895.

Seventy-five Years Ago Today. 1843—National liberty party convention nominated James G. Binney for president.

Fifty Years Ago Today. 1868—Death of Dr. George Smith, eminent English Wesleyan preacher and author.

Twenty-five Years Ago Today. 1893—Ten thousand coal miners went on strike in the Charleroi district of Belgium.

One Year Ago Today in the War. August 30, 1917—French prepared for a new drive at Verdun. Italians under General Cadorna crossed the Isona river. President Wilson fixed \$2.20 bushel as the price the government would pay for 1917 wheat.

Our Daily Birthday Party. Henry F. Hollis, United States senator from New Hampshire, born at Concord, N. H., 49 years ago today.

MUTT AND JEFF—JEFF PUT THE FRANKFORT TRAIN SERVICE ON THE BUM WITHOUT DROPPING A BOMB.

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SAY, POP!—AND OLD TIMER WAS HUNGRY, TOO

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